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THE
HOME ON THE HILLSIDE

—BY—

L. WETHERBEE

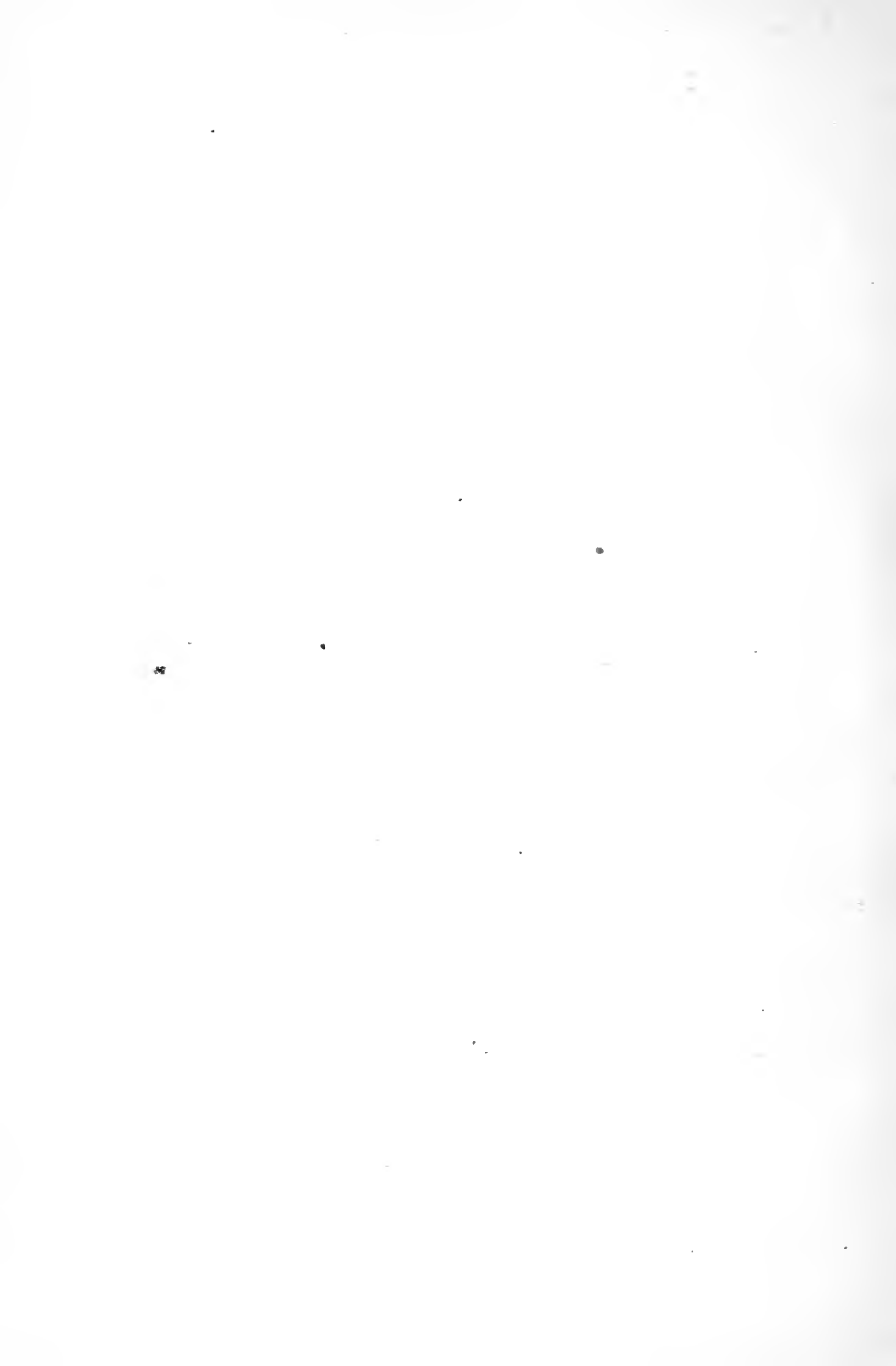
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Yours truly,
LYMAN WETHERBEE,

The Home on the Hillside,

BY

LYMAN WETHERBEE.

ILLUSTRATED.

1896.

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PREFACE.



In presenting this little volume to the Public, I am constrained to give a brief explanation.

When I commenced writing verses it did not occur to me that I should ever publish them in book form—wrote them merely for my own gratification and amusement. However, at the very earnest request of many warm friends, I consented to have a few of them published in different papers, which received favorable comment, and since then having received very flattering testimonials from some of Hudson's most cultured and worthy people, among whom I would respectfully mention J. J. Wood, of the Hudson Republican, also Doctors J. B. Welch and J. R. Dodge, have thought best to offer a part of my compositions in book form.

These poems were written in various places and under various conditions. In the woodland pastures while sitting on a huge felled tree, surrounded by my beautiful flock of Shropshires with their playful lambs jumping on and off the old charred tree on either side of me, or while driving along the highway, pausing 'neath some refreshing shade, or in the lonely hours of night when all nature seemed hushed in silence, when the cold world was not frowning on me. While some of these poems were written from pure imagination, others are from life, but in no instance have I sought to exaggerate or wound the feelings of anyone.

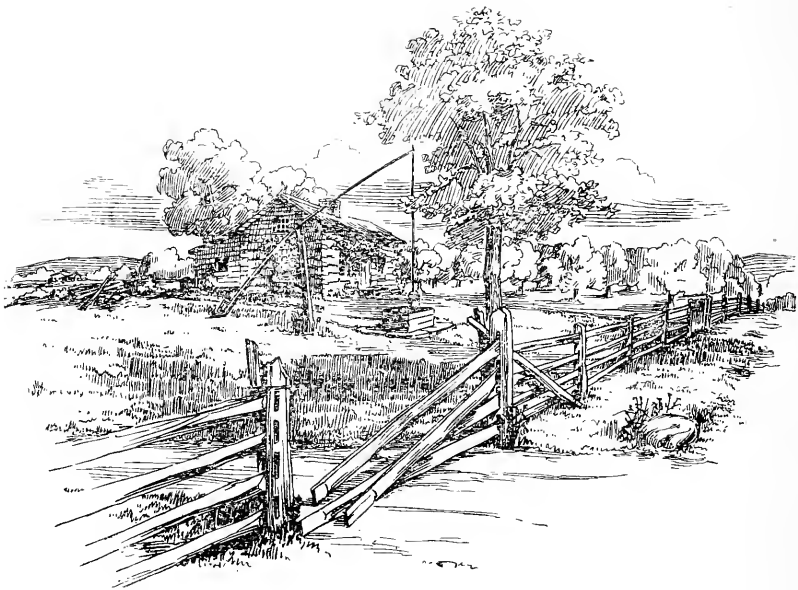
With this brief explanation, I offer these crude and unfinished effusions.

TO
MY CHILDREN.

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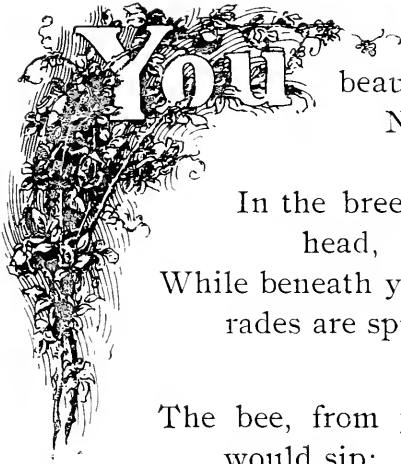
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The Home on the Hillside.

Ode to the Yellow Rose.

• • • • •



beautiful rose, of color so rare !
No other I've seen that was
so fair;

In the breezes you waft your golden
head,
While beneath you, all tattered, your comrades are spread.

The bee, from your bosom, sweet nectar
would sip;

By the maiden so fair you are pressed to her lips;
And again, to your bosom awhile would repose
That charming little maiden's delicate nose.

You adorn the bosom of youth in his pride;
You are entwined in the wreath of the fairest bride;
You are laid on the breast of the loved that have died;
You are the fairest of flowers; your equal's defied.

Come Home, Dear Old Grandma.

• • • • •

Come home, dear old grandma,
To your fireside once more;
Let me sit on your lap
As in days of yore.

Wrap your checkered apron
Around your dear boy;
Let him play, as you used to,
With pictures and toys.

Smooth back from his forehead,
Those ringlets of gold;
Tell over the stories
That once you told.

Sing to me, grandma,
Just as sweet and low,
The songs that you sang
Long years ago.

But where you are, grandma,
We know not, now,
But you'll smooth back the curls
No more from my brow.



OLD FARM BELL.

Ring, ring, ring the old farm bell,
For breakfast, dinner and tea,
Your sounds so clear I love to hear,
But you ring no more for me.

I bought and placed you
Where you hang, many years ago,
But you never failed to peal a chime
Through Winter's sleet and snow.

Then ring, ring the old farm bell,
Those sounds so sweet and clear,
And while you ring my eyes grow dim,
With many a falling tear.

Then ring, ring, ring for the twilight meal,
Then ring, ere they dine at noon—
But your sounds so clear, no more will I hear,
When I'm gone to give others room.

But who will care when I am gone?
Will any lend a tear?
Will the babbling brook as it winds and crooks,
Run less pure and clear?

'Twill make no difference when I'm gone,
The sun just as brightly will shine,
And the moon, as it peers from a cloudlet,
Will appear no less grand and sublime.

And the stars just as brightly will twinkle,
There'll be fruit on the low trailing vine,
And the birds ever warble as sweetly—
Build their nests in the willow or pine.

And the lad and the lassie, in the twilight,
Will linger at the garden gate,
And the babe run to meet dear papa,
And chide him that he tarried so late.

And thus it will be forever,
While we battle for life so brave,
Up from the cradle
And down to the grave.



Mrs. Stebbins.

• • • • •

Most likely you've heard of farmer Stebbins' wife,
Who made her husband so unhappy nearly all of his
life.

Farmer Stebbins had toiled both early and late,
And 'tis said had amassed a very handsome estate.

While his wife could work, but took more to style,
And kept running him in debt more and more all the
while.

Farmer Stebbins resolved that it was of no use
To further put up with her cruel abuse.

And to dispose of his wife in some way or other,
He would take his chances in getting another;
And at last conceived a most novel plan,
Whereby to dispose of his dear Peggy Ann.

There was an ex-Judge's wife, that lived down the
river,
Who would aid and assist in any scheme that was
clever,
So the ex-Judge's wife wrote Mrs. Stebbins a letter
Requesting her to call and not to forget her.

Mrs. Stebbins, much elated with the attentions paid
her,
Was ready to do all the Judge's wife bade her.

“I'm to give a grand dinner,” the Judge's wife
said,

“And for manager and captain, shall place you
at the head.”

Our guests will be ladies all of first rank,
I will make the selections to avoid any crank,
Each lady will ride a very fine steed,
And must not lack in style, nor even in speed.

The procession will start from farmer Stebbins' lawn,
June twenty-first, at ten in the morn.

Mrs. Stebbins, meanwhile the auspicious event,
Had replenished her wardrobe to her heart's con-
tent.

The appointed hour at last arrived,
With the guests sailing in like bees to a hive,
 'Twas a splendid sight as ever you see—
 Numbering in all some forty-three.

Mrs. Stebbins was first to appear on the scene,
More gorgeous arrayed than ever a queen;
 And her dress it dazzled in the rays of the sun,
 And the company declared they were all outdone.

And then the brown ass was led to the door
All saddled and bridled and tinselled o'er;
 He was sleek and round, but gaunt as a rail,
 For no water had he drank, not even a pail.

Mrs. Stebbins being ready, she gave the command,
"Please ride four abreast," then led the van.
 This once docile ass now seemed in a rage,
 He brayed and bellowed like a lion in his cage;
He frightened the ladies till some of them said,
"I wish that confounded old ass was dead,"
Then reared and threw Mrs. Stebbins over his head.

It now really seemed that the play had begun,
For the ladies all laughed, both old and young;
 And some of them laughed to split their sides,
 While others kept laughing, and laughed 'till
 they cried.

Mrs. Stebbins at last emerged from the pile,
And mounted the ass and rode off in good style,
Then 'twas clitter-to-clatter down the street,
The ass throwing fire from all of his feet.

The procession led out at break-neck speed,
Mrs. Stebbins and the ass far in the lead;
And the people ran out along the highway,
And anxiously enquired, "What in the devil's
to pay?"

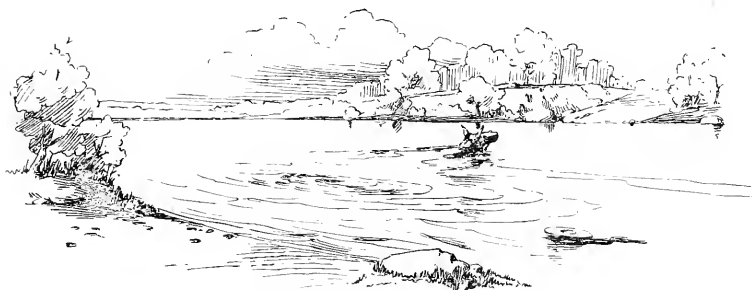
This faithful old ass, once so gentle and meek,
Had not tasted of water for more than a week,
And when the deep river at last he espied,
All efforts proved futile the famished beast to guide,
When headlong he plunged in the river so wide.

Mrs. Stebbins now shrieked and wrung her hands,
"Pray tell me now, my good old man,
Is this that scheme or whereby plan?"
"That's just the size, dear Peggy Ann."

Then she sank in the river to rise no more,
But the poor old ass soon swam ashore;
Now the ladies assembled and some of them said,
"What shall we do since our leader is dead?"

Then Mrs. Perkins spoke up and so did Miss Skinner,
Saying, "We propose to march on and take in a good
dinner!"

And so they all did for the tables were long set,
And I haven't a doubt but they are eating yet.



"But the poor old ass soon swam ashore."

But before I returned, it was rumored around,
That farmer Stebbins soon would marry ex-Judge
widow Brown.

Two Little Urchins.

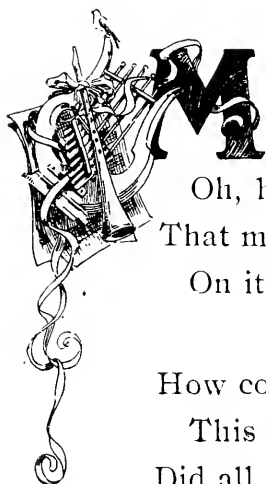
Composed from Hood's '93 Calendar

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Two little urchins,
Clifford and Pearl;
One a boy,
The other a girl.

Clifford's jacket is blue,
While Pearl's is red,
And her curls lay in ringlets
All over her head.

How sweet they look
As together they sit,
Her arms so round and chubby
Half encircle his neck,
While Clifford so demurely
Looks over his specs.



MUSIC.

• • • • •

MUSIC, sweet music,
Oh, heaven born sound,
That moves this vast orb
On its axis around.

How cold and drear
This world would be,
Did all nature not teem
With sweet harmony.

The sun would lose its brilliance,
The stars their lovely grace;
The moon that calm serenity
Depicted in its face.

And the hills no longer echo
The clarion's sweet sound;
Thus this sphere on its axis
Will cease to roll round.



The Old Homestead.

To Alma, at The Old Homestead.

. . ● . .

In your absence I stole to that once loved spot—
The mill, at the well where so oft I have sat,
 And quaffed a cool draught from the fountain so
 pure,
 Though begrudged by the owner, whose heart
 once beat truer.

How changed the scene! when a glance I'd survey,
Where the barn once stood, now in ashes it lay,
 And the old family horse, "Tom," so faithful and
 good,
 Had perished in the flames where so long he had
 stood.

Then over the fields my vision it strode,
That so oft I had tilled, cradled and mowed,
And into the barn garnered many a load.

How oft I recall an event with much pride,
When the children would meet us down the lane for a
 ride,
 And when they came running, we'd stop or go
 slow,
 That our youthful prattlers would have farther
 to go.

Then to the top of a fence or gate
They would climb and for us wait;
And when on the load all safely were perched,
We indulged the baby the horses to chirp.

Then to the barn in their mirth and glee,
With the babe in my arms, that was heaven to me.
Those were my thoughts as I stood by the curb,
Though not a soul to be seen or a voice to be heard
Save the sweet song of some little bird.

The robin near by sang his shrill morning lay,
And the partridge drummed his log in the woods far
away;
And the harmless little swallow came skimming
up the path,
With that charming little twitter that was meant
for a laugh.

Then up to the clouds, on pinions so light,
He seemed a mere speck, then vanished from sight.



Written by special request of Will Carleton.

Of the many famed sportsmen
That live in the west,
There is one from our Michigan
That excels all the rest.

While his fame as a sportsman
Reaches far and wide,
And to take birds on the wing
Is the height of his pride.

Should a grouse and a quail
In their flight pass him by,
He would bring them both down,
Though opposite they fly.

And while he thus sported at leisure along,
 'Neath the green leafy shade
Or the cold pelting storm,
 Though never molested the bird of sweet song.

But of woodcock and snipe,
 Partridge and quail,
His game bag to fill
 Thus seldom he failed.

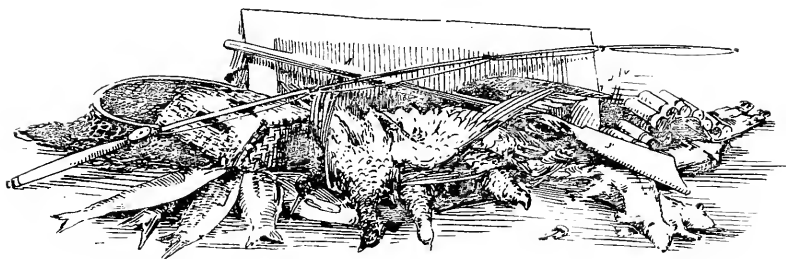
Josh Billings, 'tis said,
 Was a crack shot,
And could shoot on a curve
 Round a ten-acre lot;

Could shoot round a haystack,
 And kill, if 'twas a deer,
While our genial old sportsman
 Would miss, if 'twas a steer.

As an angler, too,
 'Tis said he excelled,
And the press, through its columns,
 Fabulous stories would tell,

That while fishing down the river,
As he sat on a log,
He drew from the water,
A cast-iron frog.

But to lay aside all joking,
And tell things that are so,
None could shoot or out-fish
Our genial old Jo.



When I Was a Boy.

• • ● • •

Kit and I,
Will and May,
Went down to the brook
One fine summer day.

And there in the shade
Of a thorn-apple tree,
Fished and told stories
'Till half-past three.

And when our fine sport
Had monotonous become,
We hied to the swamp
To hunt for gum.

And while on our ramble
It happened some way
That Will got lost—
So did sister May.

When they became frightened
 They shrieked and bawled,
While Kit and I listened
 But said nothing at all.

And when they were coming,
 We hid behind an old tree,
With my arms around Kit
 And hers around me.

And wasn't it sweet
 To be with Kit there, alone,
And what was said
 And done, will never be known.

But we have long since
 Grown to women and men,
Yet I sigh to live over
 Those days again.

To My Last Tooth:

• • ● • •

You have gone, old tooth,
 Though hard to yield,
You have long stood alone,
 Like a stub in a field.

Farewell, old tooth,
 And now I rest,
You were, like all old teeth,
 A curse at the best.

With a hole in the side
 That tainted my breath,
And tasted as smells
 A woodpecker's nest.

Once you gave me pleasure,
 And often pain,
But I'm thankful to know
 You'll not ache again.

An Inscription.

• • • • •

Will the willow
 O'er my neglected grave,
Shed its leaves
 And idly wave.
Or will a shaft
 Reaching high,
Mark the place
 Where I lie.

Ingratitude.

• • • • •

Do I merit affliction,
 So sad and severe?
Though if fate has decreed it,
 I have nothing to fear,
For my reward awaits me,
 Though bought very dear.

Ungrateful for blessings,
 Though showered like rain,
Yet prize them not
 'Till prostrate with pain.

The Young Man Dude.

• • • • •

Once there was a young man dude,
Who had a gay old wife,
But he and she could not agree,
So quarreled all their life.

She had lands and houses,
Tho' her fortune somewhat small,
While he would dress and strut about,
But had no wealth at all.

This very vain and dressy man
Lived wholly on his wife,
And would not do a chore for her
To save her dear old life.

When spring and summer days were gone,
And winter drawing nigh—
'Twas then he'd saunter round again
To share her cake and pie;
And if one word of fault she found,
He then would black her eye.

He said he did not love his wife
Nor even for her care,
And yet he thought it only just,
Her fortune he should share.

But he could have liked her if he'd tried,
Though not for her good looks;
For she could drive some pictures mad
I've seen in comic books.

Her faultless form, and dress so red,
And curls that dangled from her head,
But such a face would strike a dread,
And make a husband wish he was dead.

Nonsense.

• • ● • •

Whoos your friends
Or whoos your fows,
Can you tell by your own,
Or any body's knows.
You may find out,
If you watch verry close,
Whitch way turns in or out their toes.
There's another way
That answers first rate,
I'm not quite sure,
But think it's by weight.
But stop—I'm mistaken—
That's an old woman's whim,
To tell good indigo,
“ 'Twill either sink or swim.”

Hope and Despair.

• • • • •

Oh ! beautiful morn !

 You gladden my heart,
Though no friends in my home,
 Good cheer to impart;
Yet Hope softly whispers,
 " 'There is light beyond dark. "

Yet in the dim distance
 Gleams one tiny spark,
That makes life so endearing,
 We are loth to depart.

Glimmer on, little beacon !
 Guide our bark safely o'er,
And should a ray dim
 E'er we reach that shore,
We'll look into the heavens
 And borrow one more.

Out on the broad bosom
 Of life's rolling tide,
With hope, love and honor,
 Closely allied,
We need never falter
 With them as our guide.

Though tossed on the waves
Of the mad rolling deep,
And the white dashing billows
High over us leap,
If rewarded by Justice,
Then our haven we'll reach.

Beautiful Woman.

• • • • •

Oh, beautiful woman!
Pride of the world;
A star in life's drama,
'Mid her drapery unfurled.

A Goddess of Liberty
'Mid a star-spangled gown;
The adored of all Europe,
'Neath a million-jeweled crown.
She's the pride of creation
Wherever she's found.

To an Old Cast-off Coat.

• • • • •

Good by, old coat,
 U've served me well,
In days long since
 That could not dwell.

U've kept me warm
 For many a day,
But like all else,
 Must pass away.

U've kept me warm;
 U've kept me dry;
And for those days
 Again I sigh.

And while each patch,
 And every rend
Recall to mind
 Some dear old friend.

And when I see your threads so bare,
 It really seems my fate you share,
And would kindly speak,
 If words were there.

Then fare you well,
My faithful friend,
Our bodies ere long
With earth will blend,
And our phantoms
On wings to heaven ascend.

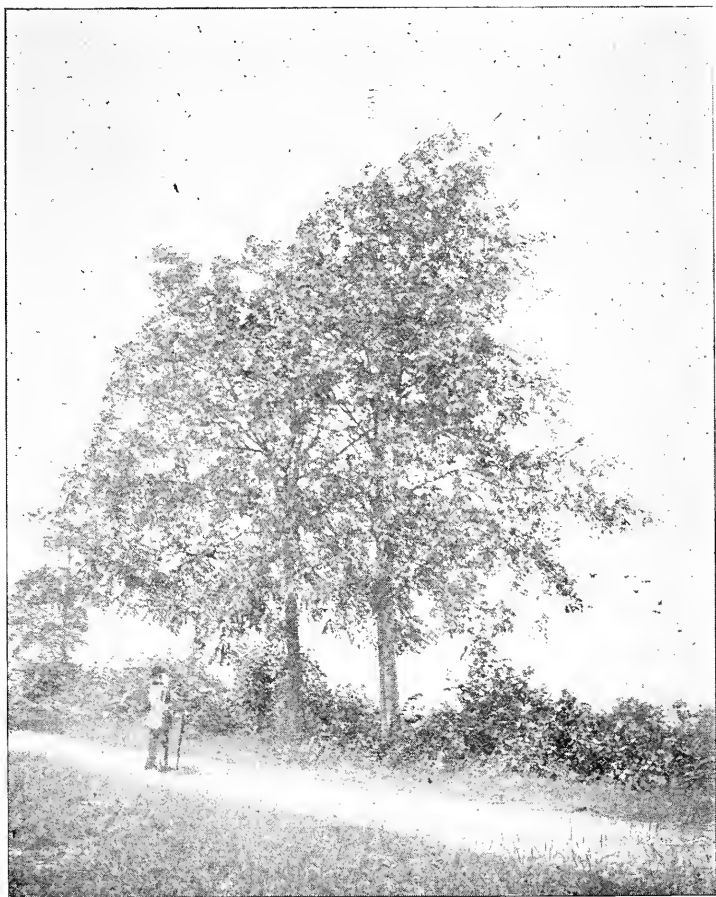
WINTER.

• • ● • •

Winter, cold winter,
What a terror you bring;
Since I am old,
Most bitter you sting,
And again I sigh
For warm, balmy spring.

I sigh for spring time
With its birds and flowers;
For the green verdured fields
And cool, shady bowers.

But most that I sigh for,
Though I sigh all in vain,
Is the days of my childhood
And vigor again.



“When I paused for a moment to hear the last strain;”

Childhood's Recollections.

• • • • •

Twitter, twitter, little songster, on that tree so bare;
How sweetly you sing in this cool, bracing air;
 And as I approached your mates all flew,
 But you kept on singing and sang your song
 through.

When I paused for a moment to hear the last strain;
When more softly and sweetly fell each fading refrain,
 Then a thrill of emotion over me came,
 And brought back the days of sweet childhood
 again.

Though years have rolled by, it seems but a day,
Since I was a child in that home far away;
 That home was as dear as a home could be,
 And no other seemed half so dear to me.

On a hillside — just back from the road —
Is where once stood that humble abode.
 'Twas a cozy log house as it once stood there,
 With its corners hewed smooth and laid up so
 square.
 And since grown to manhood, I've longed to be
 there.

There was the narrow winding path
From the house to the gate,
That I ran up and down,
Till my little feet ached.

And often while running
I stumbled and fell,
Then to my mother my grievance I'd tell;
When with caresses and kisses
All would be made well.

Though now far removed from that once loved home,
I often return when in dream-land I roam.

The Cold Winter Blast.

• • • • •

The cold winter blast and the soft summer breeze—
We welcome them both—though with both oft dis-
pleased.
It's too hot or too cold, we swelter or freeze;
We are apt to complain, and loath to be pleased.

REGRETS.

• • ● • •

I have no father now, and how sad all nature seems;
I would not have it so, oh, were it but a dream !

And could I call him back, how glad I should be,
For I never knew till now how dear he was to me.

And when he was most cruelly wronged,
I did not take his part;
And he can never me forgive;
It seems 'twill break my heart.

If worlds were mine, them all I'd give,
If with him again I could live.

Kind words and deeds would I impart,
And bind up with love his poor wounded heart.

There is Poetry in all Nature, Everywhere.

• • • • •

There is poetry in the galaxy;
There is poetry in the earth;
There is poetry in the prattle
Of a sweet child's mirth.

There is poetry in heaven,
Where angels dwell;
And a chime most sublime,
In sweet evening bells.

There is poetry in the thunder,
In the lightning's red glare;
There is poetry and pathos
In the wail of despair.

There is poetry in the rocks;
There is poetry on the hill;
There is poetry in the brooklet
That never stands still.

There is poetry and grandeur
In the palace car,
But the wind moans saddest,
When the door's ajar;
There is poetry in a newspaper
Called "Everywhere."

Weep Not for me, Dear Mother.

• • • • •

Weep not for me, dear mother,
Do not for me mourn;
And though no more you see me,
I am still your own.

While sorrow fills your bosom,
And hope's last ray hath flown,
Yet we trust it is all for the best,
That I from you was torn.

Oh, mother, could I greet you,
I'd soothe your grief and tears,
For God thought best to take me,
While in my youthful years.

Dear sister now is with me, mother,
That little angel face,
And since she's learned to know me,
She's oft in my embrace.

How glad she is to see you, mother,
Although she's still a child,
And when the tears steal down your cheek,
How sweetly then she smiled.

She now is standing by your side—
But here she comes to me—
I grasp the cherub in my arms
And place her on your knee.

She sweetly looks me in the face,
And then she'll glance at thine,
She now is kneeling in your lap,
Her arms your neck entwine.

Now, softly to your side I creep,
Her lips rest fondly on your cheek,
Her eyes are closed; she's fast asleep.

Now, grieve no more, dear mother,
Dispel that hov'ring cloud,
By blessings you're surrounded,
That mortals should be proud.

And to you, my dear old father,
Who was so kind to me,
Oh, could I but repay you—
But alas, that cannot be.

And now, my loving brothers,
To you I would impart
A lesson I have learned—
'Tis treasured in my heart.

Be kind to our dear parents,
And long may they live,
To enjoy that peace and comfort
That a child can only give.

Fleeting Time.



How fast, how fast the moments fly !
To-day is here, and the morrow nigh;
Though very near it seems to be,
The morrow we never, never shall see.

To-morrow 'tis said will never come,
Then to-day the race of life we run;
Cast down by affliction and sorely oppressed,
It seems in this world there is no rest.

When one task is finished another will come;
Which proves that our work here will *never* be done.

The Twilight Stroll.

• • • • •

Down by the canebrake
In the twilight I strayed,
To hear the sweet music
That the little birds made.

The charming brown thrush
On the flaunting bush
Poured forth his twilight lay;
And the zephyred breeze,
Through the canebrake leaves
It's whispered tune did play.*

And the peeping frogs
Among the willows and bogs,
Said the summer was not far away.

The lowing cow, o'er the distant hill,
The barking dog in the twilight still,
And the fading lisp of the whip-poor-will,
Each lend a charm to sooth my ill.

And though I'm sad, with cares oppressed,
When I am gone and laid at rest;
Then sing again with love and zest,
And sooth some other aching breast.

*I find but very few that have listened to that peculiar sweet whispered tune.

I Would be Wise.

• • • • •

I would be wise,
But know I'm not;
Would be content
With my lot,
To know the half
That some's forgot.

But then you know
The saying is,
“'Tis folly to be wise,”
For only think
What Solomon said,
Who had a thousand wives.

But if his wives
Were all like some,
Is it any wonder
He was vexed?
And isn't it
One great wonder, too,
He was not oft
Henpecked?

For only think
That just one man
Should have
A thousand wives!
But then they say
'Tis gospel truth,
For the Bible
Never lies.



Farewell, My Native Land.

• • • • •

Farewell, my native land,
Old friends and kindred dear:
'Twas here I was born,
And lived half my three score years.

'Twas here my childhood days,
And riper years were spent;
'Twas here that youth's own charms,
To my youth were only lent.

'Twas here I loved and wed,
And a babe our hearts did cheer;
'Twas here with loving parents
I shed a parting tear.

Though now removed to a distant land,
A home long since I sought,
Though 'twill never be as dear to me,
As was this loved old spot.

And now old age comes creeping on,
Though with a rapid pace,
I feel it in my step,
I see it in my face.

Then farewell again,
My last adieu;
With heart-felt regrets
I part from you.



Little Sycamore Leaf.

One by one the leaves were
gathered

From neath the old Sycamore tree;

While one was wafted on the wings of a dove,
Way over the deep blue sea.

'Twas a missive of love that bore it there,
That beautiful little Sycamore leaf,
That could tell the sad tale
Of a sweet child's wail,
And a mother's heart-broken grief.

A bride of a month,
A month and a day,
Was persuaded from her husband
A long year to stay.

'Twas an old uncle that induced her,
Who possessed wealth and fame,
Though he knew not 'twas a bride
He would entertain.

“Come over the deep water,”
This old uncle wrote,
“And live one short year
With me.

“And a thousand pounds
Of gold you shall have,
And I’ll return you
A prima donna.

“ ’Tis not labor I’d have you to do,
It’s only your company;
For I have servants in abundance
To wait on you and me.”

Now, the twain were pledged to a secret,
To the offer so temptingly arrayed,
Which was wrote in an autograph letter,
To this accomplished and most beautiful maid.

Soon the fair bride was sailing
On a ship most majestic and grand;
But her heart could not cease its yearning
For the loved ones in her dear native land.

"My fortune I would have abandoned,"

She wrote her companion most dear,

"If I could have met you when I landed,

For splendors dazzle all in vain to me here."

"Now cease your repining," wrote Edward,

"May this missive give you relief;

For my heart and my hand are both in it,

'Mid this beautiful Sycamore leaf.

Prince Albert took flight from my window

Ere the sun had risen this morn,

And to-morrow, no doubt, he'll be with you,

If not detained by wind or storm.

"And when he comes at your calling,

Just untie that soft silken knot;

Then feed him some dainty little morsel,

While he rests in his own native cot.

"Soon the time will be nearing,

When you will return to me;

But no word to me have you written

Of music or a prima donna."

"Now, Edward, I do well remember

All about that sweet lyric verse,

That I long ago should have sent you;

That you loved so to hear me rehearse.

“But listen, my dearly loved Edward,
To an event that must be told;
'Tis all about our little boy baby,
And to-morrow he is just one week old.

“Our secret was kept from dear uncle
Till the babe was a day or two old,
When he heard the voice of the prattler,
Then the facts in the case were all told.

“And when in my presence he was ushered,
He threatened to turn me away,
When I said, ‘My very dear uncle,
Please listen to what I may say,
For the hour I received your proposal
I had been a bride a month and a day.’

“ ‘And if these are facts, my dear girl,
And though I would turn you away,
Send at once for your most noble husband
And live with me the rest of my days.

“ ‘Your Edward has proved himself worthy
Of a bride like you so fair;
And my millions shall be yours and the baby's,
While Edward will equally share,’ ”

Now, this very worthy old uncle
Whose years were many a score,
Was made happy by his little boy namesake;
And lived on many years more.

Nothing to Live For.

• • • • •

“Nothing to live for!” Oh, what a sad thought!
While earth’s fleeting pleasures so dearly are bought.

With sorrow and affliction we wrestle so brave,
‘Though they never will end this side of the grave.

The young may die, but the old must;
So we bide our time, and “In God we trust.”

Nature is our God, and always bears sway;
His laws are fixed—there is no other way.

Cause and effect are always the same;
There is a cause for the clouds,
And a cause for the rain.



Little Flo.

• • • • •

My little Flo,
Why did you go
 And leave us all alone?
You always said
That if ever you wed
 We need not for you mourn;
And though a tear now dims my eye,
There falls one from your own.

When first I saw your chubby form,
 And face so round and fair,
I little thought that you so soon
 My heart would thus ensnare.
And even now, though years have gone,
 Those days I would recall,
When you and I together romped,
 When you were young and small,

'Twas then you wore the sweetest smile
Of any little miss;
And though you seemed so very shy,
I often stole a kiss.
And when a kiss I thus had stole,
Your cheek was all aglow;
But, alas! those days will never return;
Those days of long ago.



"And when we left our cottage roof,"

Little Flo's Reply.

• • • • •

When first I saw your manly form,
So tall and erect you stood;
My little heart o'erflowed with joy,
You seemed so loving and good.

And afterward we often met,
 'Twas at our dear old home;
And there I learned to love you
 As a papa that was once my own.

And as we met more frequently,
 As the case would often be;
Then how gladly I ran to meet you,
 For a kiss awaited me;
And though you claimed the kisses all,
 I've stolen two or three.

And when we left our cottage roof,
 And sought your rural home;
I was ever happy when by your side,
 Wherever you might roam.

'Tis true we used to quarrel
And have our little spat;
 But before I knew
 Our quarrel was through
I'd be sitting on your lap.

And when you'd won my childish heart,
 Yet scarcely in my teens;
And though I am another's now,
 Yet fondly of you I dream.

And when I pass your rural home,
I would suppress a sigh;
But if no glimpse of you I catch,
A tear then dims my eye.

Though should we never meet again,
I never can forget,
When you were all the world to me,
And I your loving pet.

Love and Affection.

• • • • •

Some one to love you,
And some one to love;
Is the ever ruling passion
Decreed from above.

Though divided the sexes,
Where would love be?
'Twould not dwell in the bosom
Of you and me.

Love and affection;
They differ somewhat,
While love is a passion,
Affection is not.

Better Days.

• • • • •

We look for better days to come,
For days that's here to go;
But what's in store for you and me,
Is not for us to know.

Though blessed with health,
Our wants supplied,
Yet murmur at our lot;
But if we knew
'Twould prove most true,
What most we need
We've got.

To Liars.

• • • • •

'Tis sweet to live, but sad to die;
Though sadder to tell a willful lie.

The thief on the cross and the every day liar
May reasonably expect to heaven to aspire.

But the willful, malicious and deceitful liar,
Deserves a reward of everlasting hell-fire.



**"Then, with hands outstretched for mine,
I would whistle or sing, they would keep the time."**

My Happiest Days.

• • • • •

Out of this window I look far away,
And my thoughts go back to a once happy day,
When my children were small, and how fondly they
say,
“Come, give us a ride on your foot to-day.”

And then to be first the race would begin;
The baby, of course, would be sure to win;
The older ones all would laugh, and pretend
To make great haste to gain the end;
While the baby in triumph his steed would climb,
Saying, “I can beat them every time.”

Then, with hands outstretched for mine,
I would whistle or sing, they would keep the time;
These are pleasures that some never know;
'Twas then I was happy, though long ago.

SORROW.

• • • • •

Those tears, those tears;
Were they from grief
That trickled down
Upon this leaf?

Did hatred's fount
Cease to flow,
And yield in tears
A last death throw.

Flow on, oh, bitter tears!
Like brooklets flow,
And cleanse the vilest heart
As pure as the driven snow.

Dissever those poisoned arrows;
In their wounds affection sow,
That from pure devotion
Love again may grow.

Then hasten, oh, hasten,
'Tis but a brief while,
That we'll greet our loved ones
With a tear or a smile.

How oft I lend a tear,
While others in tears I see;
And wonder if there will
One tear be shed for me.

An Advertisement—To Tin Peddlars.

• • • • •

A sack of rags
I found in the road,
That probably fell
From some tin peddler's load.

And whosoever it is
Will have no tariff to pay,
If they come very soon
And take it away.

This scheme I devised
At the printer's expense,
That the plunder be obtained
Minus dollars or cents.



“There lay her lifeless father, 'neath the newly fallen leaves.”

Little Dot.

• • • • •

Hark ! the bells are ringing;
There's something wrong, I fear,
And still they clang, clang, clang—
There's a missing man, I hear.

Our good old neighbor,
Johnnie Bills,
Was down last night
To Quaker Mills.

And all who saw him
Rightly judged
That too deeply he had drank
From his little brown jug.

His good old wife
And daughter Dot
Sat up that night
'Till two o'clock,
And kept the fires
Warm and bright—
But poor old John
Ne'er hove in sight.

'Tis claimed that every foot of ground
Had been searched for miles around,
But the missing man could not be found.

Now sweet little Dot,
So loving and fair,
Said, "I know we can find
Dear papa somewhere.

"We'll go down to the bridge,
Then along the brook,
Where papa used to bait
My little pin hook;
There is where we can find him
If we but look.

"But listen, dear mamma,
Someone calls to me;
Now they call again,
May I go and see
If papa is not hiding
Behind the old sycamore tree."

Now sweet little Dot
Stood in breathless suspense,
When there came a sad moan,
But she knew not from whence.

Then again a sad moan
From a stopperless jug,
Which disclosed the contents
Of a deadly drug!

But she uttered no word,
While there trickled a tear,
For she knew very well
That her papa was near.

Now she called to her mother
In tones of despair,
“Come quickly, dear mamma,
Hither repair,
For I told you I could find
Dear papa somewhere.”

There lay her lifeless father
’Neath the newly-fallen leaves,
But the sequel was whispered
By the cool-zephyr’d breeze.

“Look there, in the leaves,
Don’t you see papa’s head?
But his face is so cold—
I’m afraid he is dead!”

Now the mother distracted,
Whose shrieks filled the air,
Was a blow too severe
For her frailty to bear—
When she sank down on her lifeless husband,
And breathed out her life there !

Then a wail went up to heaven
From little orphan Dot,
And a thrill to each bosom
That will ne'er be forgot.
Then the bells all chimed a requiem
That echoed 'round and 'round,
And the people came by thousands
From every nook and town,
To view the spot where little Dot
Her lifeless father had found.

The coroner's jury
Were summoned with care.
Their oaths were administered
Then and there.

By the uplifted hand
You solemnly swear—
When sweet Little Dot
Broke the silence in prayer.

“Come down, angel mother,
From heaven above;
I have no one to love me,
I have no one to love.”

Then an angel appeared
As though from a cloud—
His vestments were golden;
His garb was a shroud.

He poised in mid-air,
And no word was said;
While the audience grew pale,
Like the prostrate dead.

Then again a sad moan
From that stopperless jug,
Which told the sad tale
Of the deadly drug.
When stout hearts shrieked and fell
To the earth with a thud.

When like the flash of a meteor,
Most dazzling to behold,
Appeared a bevy of seraphs,
In a chariot of gold.

And when the sweet child
 Caught a glimpse of the train,
She saw her dear mother,
 And knew her again.

But the scene that soon followed
 Is too touching to tell,
For she was transported
 In heaven to dwell.

While sweet little echoes
 Floated back on the air,
“Shall I, too, have wings,
 When we get there?”



**“When she sank down on her lifeless husband,
And breathed out her life there.”**

The Afternoon Stroll.

• • • • •

As I strolled o'er the fields
On one sultry afternoon,
All nature seemed to smile;
But my heart was filled with gloom.

O'er the meadow, the orchard
And wheat-field so green,
Near by that old home
Where much pleasure I've seen.

And there on the porch
Burt and Relley played;
While I on the green grass
Reclined in the shade.

And their music enchanting
Dispelled my sad gloom;
And for that heart-aching void
There seemed less room.

And as they played on
In their vigor and bloom,
They thought not how soon
They, like all living,
Must be laid in their tomb.

My Sixtieth Birthday Anniversary.

• • • • •

Another year has gone,
Another hath its birth;
And still we struggle on,
Poor creatures of this earth.

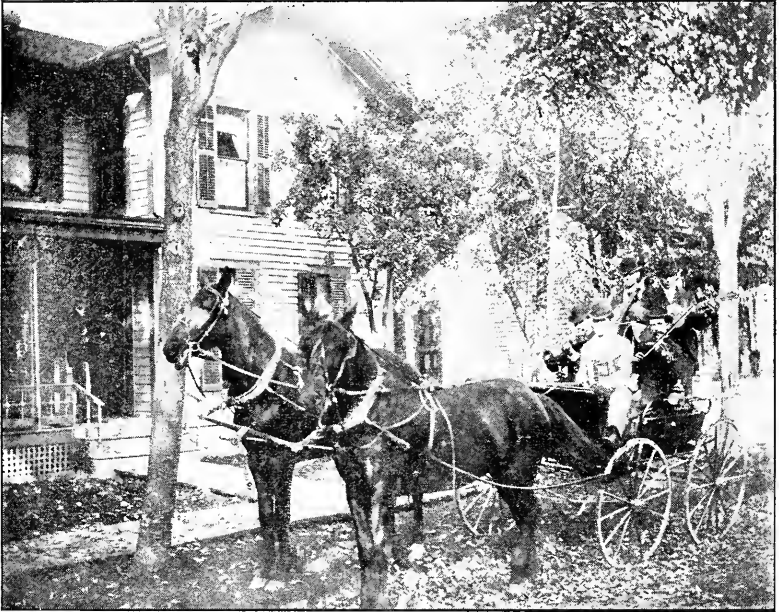
And though each throbbing heart,
And e'en the sparkling wave,
Teach the same sad lesson,
That we're journeying to the grave.

The youth whose cheeks like roses,
And the maiden all blushing and fair,
Are snatched from the arms of their loved ones—
A loss that none can repair.

While o'er the placid waters we're gliding,
And the clouds in the distance they keep;
Though the storm approaches unheeded,
And we are lost in the mad-rolling deep.

While arranged down the hall for a polka,
Each anxious to do their part;
She fell fainting in the arms of her lover—
The cause was failure of heart.

And so it will be forever,
There is a power that baffles all skill;
And none will homeward journey
'Till their mission on earth they've filled.



**"Then I will drive the fiery nags,
While you tune up and play."**

The Serenade.

• • ● • •

Come Let and Will, Bett and Rell,
Let's give a serenade,
And show the neighbors 'round about,
What music can be made.

We'll play those good old-fashioned tunes,
Though not now often played;
And yet I think they are the best
That ever have been made

We'll play the one wherein it says,
"Should old acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind;"
Then "Over the hills and far away,"
And "The girl I left behind."

Now hitch old Tom and Maggie up,
Before the new surrey;
Then I will drive the fiery nags,
While you tune up and play.

Then tum, tum, tum the old guitar,
Let us see if we are all in tune;
Then strike up and play that familiar old air,
"By the sweet silver light of the moon."

Now, Maggie, stop prancing and dancing,
Though you step to the time in each note,
Yet I fancy you act somewhat coltish,
For an old mare that's old enough to vote.

Now, drive along to Auntie McCoy's,
That old, dark visioned fiend,
Whose face is long
But she's a bird of song,
And her equal's not often seen.

Now this fair dame came shambling out
To join our gay quartet;
But the shrieks she made for music,
O, I never shall forget.

She placed her foot on our carriage wheel,
Then opened her mouth so wide;
It was a sight most ludicrous,
When I laughed to split my sides.

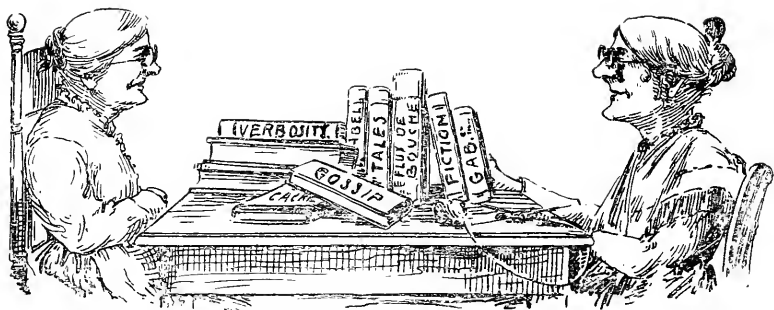
With teeth so scattered
And far between,
Which resembled those
Of a threshing machine.

Then over the hill to farmer Van's,
For music is his forte;
Besides he is a jolly lad,
And always full of sport.

Now farmer Van with horn in hand
Throws open wide his door,
And says, "Come in and have a lunch,
Then play those tunes once more."

Now, Susie, pass the doughnuts round,
Likewise the cheese and pie;
And when we're through
We'll play for you
"To mansions in the sky."

And now we've played those good old tunes
And played them o'er and o'er;
But it grieves my heart
That we soon must part
To pull for the other shore.



The Old Gossips.

• • • • •

There is Auntie Swift and Granny Hall,
Two old dames from town,
And for gab and gossip
Their equal can't be found.

There's Granny Hall
So lean and small;
All wrinkled up and down;
With bunions on both her feet,
That makes her hobble 'round.

She once was on the marry,
But no husband could she find;
Though had she ever found one,
She would have talked him blind.

Once she was my warmest friend,
But something is the matter now;
For when I meet her on the street
She scarce will make a bow.

But Granny is no fool,
Her mind and stomach are sound;
No one would ever doubt it
That's seen her browse around.

There is Aunty Swift
Who is wonderous wise,
She talks of things profound;
She is quite the reverse
Of Granny Hall,
And measures several feet around.

She once was arrested for stealing;
They searched her premises round;
They made a desperate effort,
But no plunder could be found.

She has a son, his name is Tom,
Who is the beauty of the town;
While one eye is near the top of his head—
The other goes flopping round.

And the greatest wonder of all is,
Where could he have ever been found;
But I suppose his mother found him,
And the Lord only knows where;
But I think Old Nick must have
Dropped him while flying through the air.

And when he took his tumble
He struck some solid spot,
For come to look him over
He was badly out of sot.

But if he was in no better shape
Before to earth he fell,
Old Nick had ought to take him
To some warmer place to dwell.

The Peasant's Lament.

• • • • •

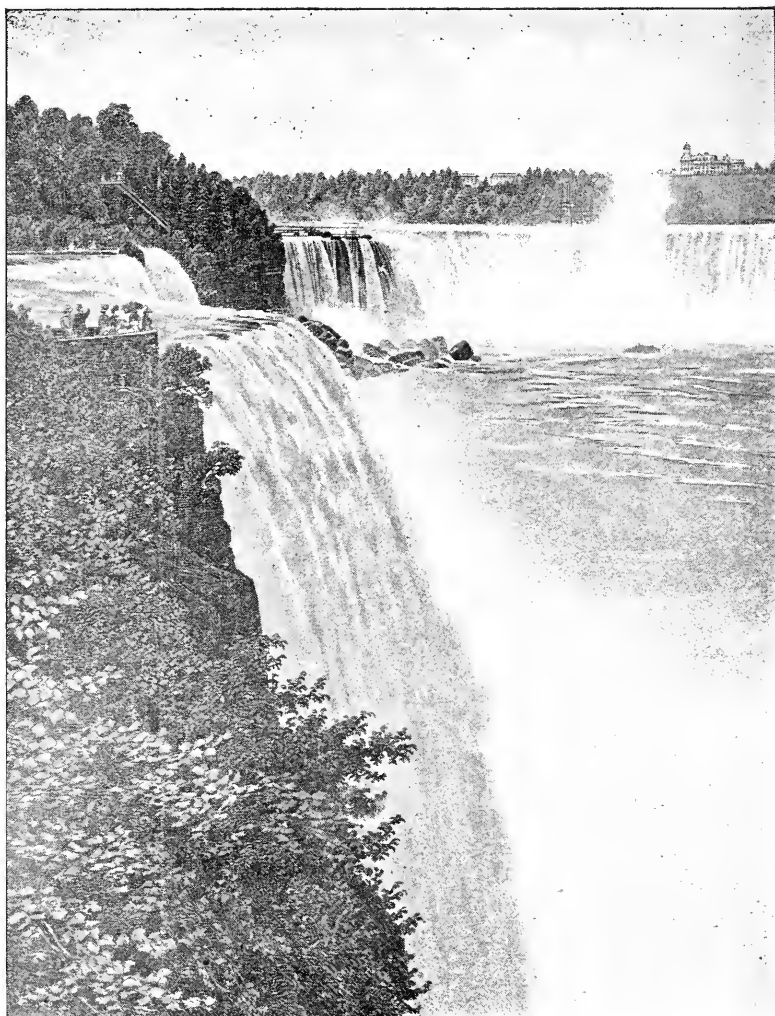
Of this beautiful world how little I've seen—
I have plodded along in my daily routine—
Worked when I felt well and when I felt mean,
And the praises I'll get will be far between.

I have toiled when it was hot and when it was cold—
I can toil no more, not because I am old,
For I am like the wheel on the axle that's often
 been rolled.

Reared my dear ones with loving care;
Guarded them from every worldly snare;
And now for me how little they care—
Where I am or how I fare.

When babes and rosy cherubs, they loved me then;
Should they treat me so coldly since grown to men?

There is a debt to the parents
 That all children owe;
'Tis their love and affection
 That should stronger grow;
 As on the down hillside of life they go.



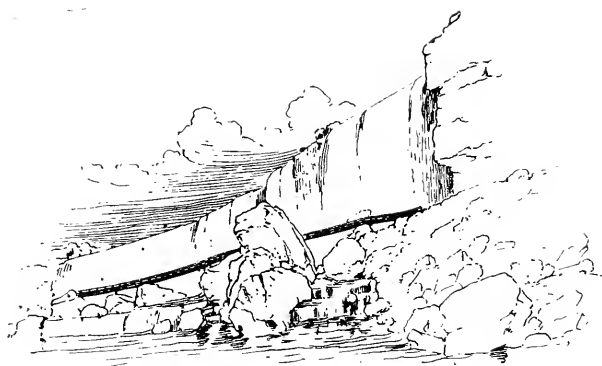
Sublime Niagara.

• • • • •

As on Niagara's towering banks,
In wonder spell-bound I stand;
And o'er its yawning chasm
I behold Victoria's land.

And as I gaze from shore to shore,
'Mid the deafening cataract's roar,
Much less I fathom than explore.

And as I view the sparkling sheet,
Whose frantic waters madly leap,
Ten thousand voices seem to speak.



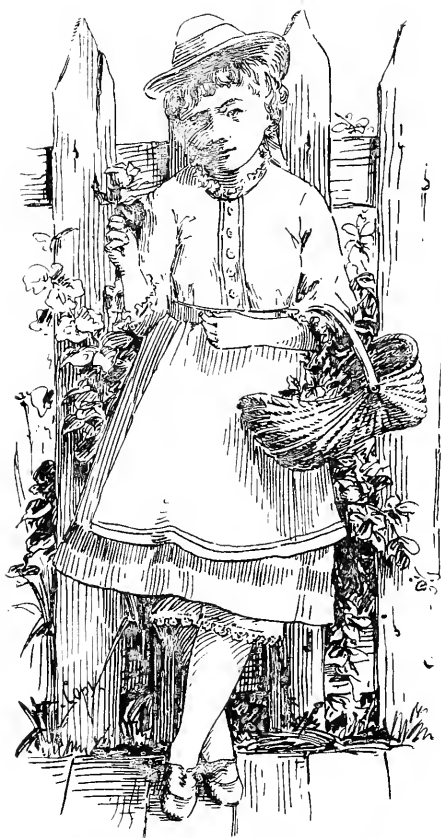
View from Bridge.

Some in tones most harsh and loud,
If bursting from a thunder cloud;
 Some in accents soft and low,
 Sweetly murmuring as pearly drops they throw.

While myriad others in sweet resound
From shore to shore complete the round,
 Then mingled all in a common one.
 The Lord be praised! thy work is done.

Flow on, oh, mighty waters!
 No fetters can stay thy feet;
Your journey is only ended,
 When the briny deep is reached.

Sublime Niagara ! we wonder, we adore;
 Thy splendor all will herald
Every land and nation o'er;
 Could we hush thee to silence,
God would encore.



**"There stands my little Daisy,
With a rosy in her hand."**

Little Daisy.

• • ● • •

There stands my little Daisy,
With a rosy in her hand;
She is the sweetest little creature
That lives in all the land.

How modest she looks,
With a basket on her arm,
I know she never would
Do any one harm.

With a rosy in her basket,
And a rosy in her hand;
Isn't she a little beauty,
As there alone she stands !

With that jaunty little hat,
And apron so clean;
Could she look more lovely
Were she crowned May Queen?

The Dead Bird.

• • ● • •



DREAMED a little bird I found
Laying dead upon the ground;
I dreamed I took the little thing
Most tenderly in my hand;
And, while its fate I sadly moaned,
It gasped and breathed again.

Though not until its outstretched wings,
Long folded in their place,
Could I discern of life
Not e'en the faintest trace.

And when its little feet
Moved gently in my hand,
Its heart began to beat,
And yet it could not stand.

And when it raised its drooping head,
And oped its long-closed eye,
'Twas then it grasped my fingers' end,
Though deigned to from me fly.

And when its mate would hover near,
With song so sweet, soft and clear,
There trickled down my cheek a tear.

And when, at last, they flew away,
Their sweet little voices like cherubs at play,
Floated back on a zephyr their sweet roundelay.

Now tell me truly, some wise old friend,
What does this little dream portend?



I love to meet congenial minds,
And scan their thoughtful brow;
To glean one thought that once was mine,
But can't recall it now.
And though no word unfold the thought,
'Tis beaming on their brow.



• • • • •

Where will they lay me, oh, where?

Will dear ones rest beside me

That I reared with much care ?

Will the lillies and roses

Be blooming there ?

Or where will they lay me?

Oh, where ?

Will they lay me 'mid the thorns

In the bramble,

Where the fox steals out from his lair,

Or will they lay me

'Neath the pine or the willow,

That loved ones have planted there ?

But lay me mid the thorns

In the bramble,

Where the fox steals out from his lair,

Then the student

Will not steal and dissect me,

For the thorns will be guarding me there.

Then the birds and the blossoms
In the spring time,
Will mingle their sweetness together;
But the voice that is hushed
Will not turn to dust,
But live and live on forever.

But grant, oh, one boon,
I covet,
From out the stupendous whole,
That in memory
I may live on forever,
To grace only time's paged scroll.



This law to man,
From God I give,
That never can die,
But always live:
Guard well the tongue,
Ere the lips part;
That no word escape
To wound the heart.

Dear Father, Come Home.

• • • • •

Come home to our fireside,
Dear father, come home;
Why tarry now longer?
Why longer now roam?

Your chair is still vacant,
Though at times it's been filled,
And quite to o'erflowing;
Yet seems vacant still.

Little Satie and Maude
Are now sitting there;
Yet it still seems vacant—
That "old arm-chair."

Sad experience has taught us
Since you have been gone,
That you were in the *right*
And we in the *wrong*.

Then we welcome you back
To our fireside again;
And pledge to stand by you
While life doth remain.

There's a treasure we owe you
That's more precious than gold;
'Tis our love and affection
That shall never grow cold;
Time cannot erase it,
Be you ever so old.

An Autograph Verse.

• • ● • •

Kind lady friend,
May heaven send
Its choicest gifts to thee;
And when this verse
You do rehearse,
May I remembered be.

Depravity.

• • ● • •

Strike my dear old father?

Could I harbor such a thought—
Him whose three-score years
So dearly were bought.

With toil and affliction
He battled so brave,
My poor unworthy
Young life to save.

Strike that dear old father
Who treated me so well?
Though mother says he ill-used me
Yet when, I cannot tell.

Strike that dear old father?
Have I ceased to love him now,
Who stood beside my sick-bed
And soothed my aching brow?

Strike down that dear old father,
With hands uplifted high?
Aye, kill him, says the mother,
Though he is not fit to die,

Strike my dear old father?
Am I so depraved
To heed a mother's counsel
And consign him to the grave?



Out of one fault,
Some will make many;
While others more forbearing,
Will never see any.
And the wrong you have done me,
I could forgive,
And still keep in memory
As long as I live.

Worth Unappreciated.

• • • • •

Can you rest in the grave,
With such a crime on your lips,
Where affection once lingered
Love's nectar to sip?

And a smile that lit up
That fair face of your own,
Long since has fled,
And a frown on it grown.

But your hatred to love
Will surely turn;
You will yet revere
Those so long you have spurned.

And I hope that your dear ones,
Will never cause you to mourn,
By abusing their old mother,
As you did your own.

And if worlds I could gain,
For what you have done,
It would be no temptation—
The offer I'd shun.

Many were the missives
That old mother wrote
To the idolized daughter,
On whom she did dote.

Just think of that old mother
You gave so much pain;
You will never have the pleasure
Of seeing again.

We can bury our loved ones
From mortal view,
And still cherish their memory
Fondly and true;
But our wrongs we can't bury.
They give us no rest,
But still smoulder on,
Like fire in our breast.

But who will atone
For those wrongs of yours?
Nothing will suffice
But true penitent tears,

A True Story.

• • • • •

Come and sit beside me,
My little darling Nell,
And listen to a story,
I long have wished to tell.

When I was young as you are,
'Twas many years ago,
My heart was light
And all seemed bright,
And care I did not know.

There came a lad
To my father's house,
One cold December day;
The snow was deep
And piled in heaps,
As on the ground it lay.

A broken thill was in his hand,
A whip was in his other;
I now recall his smiling face
While talking to my mother.

My father's aid
He would procure,
To mend and make
His thill secure.

And when at last
The time drew nigh,
I lingered
With a watchful eye,

To catch a glimpse
Of that young lad,
Who was no other
Than your illustrious dad.

In after years
He called again,
He sought my hand
Though not in vain.

And when I gave my hand and heart,
I little thought
That we should part,
Ere life did yield its vital spark.

But I was proud,
And even vain,
While he was reserved,
Modest and plain,
And even aspired
To wealth and fame.

And now my story you have heard,
'Tis true, I vouch for every word.

I gave him no peace,
By night or day;
Our union was severed,
Each went their way.

But the saddest day
In all my life
Was when he rode by
With another wife.

A Little Girl's Wish.

•••••

To make some one happy
Was a little girl's wish—
Could there be one desire
More ennobling than this?

If this were the maxim
The wide world o'er,
Peace and plenty would reign
For ever more.



• • • • •

A charming young bride
I met one night,
Whose cheeks were like roses
And her teeth pearly white.

And the tint of the rose
Was on her lip,
But its nectar was only
For the husband to sip.

And her eyes, oh, how lovely !
Like starlets they shown,
As she gazed so unspeakably
Sweet, into my own.

With smiles so bewitching,
Most graceful she was deemed;
While Cupids were lurking
In her dimples, it seemed.

Her complexion like lillies,
Her tresses long,
And her voice even sweeter
Than the nightingale's song.

Her form to outline
No artist could make;
Though often attempted
As oft a mistake.

I scanned her sweet face
In vain for a frown,
But for all of my search
None could be found.

For her smiles had dispelled
Every trace of a frown,
While sportively chasing
Each other around.

A Little Waif.

• • • • •

A little waif I chanced to meet
 Peddling candy on the street;
Up and down the walk he'd go,
 But where he lived
None seemed to know.

And when I asked
 Whose boy he was,
He smiled and said,
 "I am my ma's."

His chubby hands
 And little feet,
His laughing eyes
 And dimpled cheek.

A smile for all
 He chanced to meet,
And many for those
 Who bought his sweets.

Good-by to Papa.

• • • • •

Good by to papa,
Our papa so dear,
We are always very lonesome
When you are not here.

Dear mamma now holds me
In her firm loving grasp,
While papa with grimaces
Tries to make baby laugh.

But you cannot, dear papa,
For you are going away;
But my smiles shall be yours
When you come home to stay.



THE MINIATURE SAILBOAT.

• • • • •

Glide on, yon tiny bark,
O'er the rippling deep,
Though should a gale
At length prevail,
A port you then would seek.

And though your sail,
So tiny and frail;
The winds you fear them not,
But how oft 'twill be
When in highest glee,
And sailing o'er the smoothest sea,
We're stranded on we know not what.

Oh, could our lives as smoothly glide,
As seems that craft the waters ride!

But no, 'tis not that life
Should pass thus serenely on.
For if no cloud obscure the light,
No stars would twinkle in the night,
Then all grow dim and wan.



Home is a home though humble it be;
If harmony there dwells that's home to me.



The boy that would on his father go back
To please a mother, must either lack
Good sense or honor, that is a fact,
And will live to see the day,
That he will want to take it back.

The Brave Boys.

• • • • •

There is a field on my wild west farm,
That was called the basin lot;
Its sides were steep and hard to climb—
'Twas shaped just like a pot.

I thought I'd plow the little field,
And kill the grubs and weeds;
And so proposed to my oldest sons
That they should take the lead.

But imagine, if you will, my utter surprise,
When I'd scarce to wait a minute,
When both of them very coolly said,
"You need not count us in it."

But then I thought it must be plowed,
For I would subdue the ground;
And so commenced at the water's edge,
And turned the furrows down.

And there I plowed day after day;
They said it was done most grand,
But after all, they couldn't afford
To lend a helping hand.

And when I pass that little field,
Where so many days I spent,
I wonder if those youthful lads
Ever did repent
Of the way they helped the old man plow,
That wasn't worth a cent.

AFFECTION.

• • • • •

Conquer that flame once glowing warm?
Chide as well the raging storm!



When autumn winds
Come hurrying by,
'Tis then for my youth
Again I sigh.

My Mother's Grave.

• • • • •

Where art thou, departed mother ?

But no voice the answer brings,
Do you rest beneath that grassy mound,
Or soar on seraph wings ?

And yet, no tidings greet us,
And shall we never know,
If thou art numbered with the blessed,
Or writhe in deepest woe ?

Though mortals do not behold you,
Yet your presence how oft I feel,
When steals an hallowed sadness 'round,
That tongue cannot reveal.



**“An apple and plum tree,
Stands by the road.”**

To Uncle Jason and Aunt Susan.

• • • • •

An apple and plum tree,
 Stands by the road,
To mark the place
 Of their humble abode.

'Twas a low, brown cottage,
 Just on a hillside,
Where dwelt Uncle Jason
 And Aunt Susan, his bride.

And they lived there alone,
 As happy as could be,
But their genial old faces
 No more we shall see.

From the tree they once ate,
 Now bending with fruit,
But their voices are silent
 And their tongues are mute.

And the path by the roadside,
 No more will they tread,
Down so oft they meandered
 As they toiled for bread.

Yet their memory we cherish,
And would not forget,
Instead, there's a hallowed
Lifelong regret.

NOTE.—The subject of this poem was a cousin of the late Horatio Seymour of New York, a very worthy but poor old man. Their dwelling stood to the left of the low, bushy apple tree.

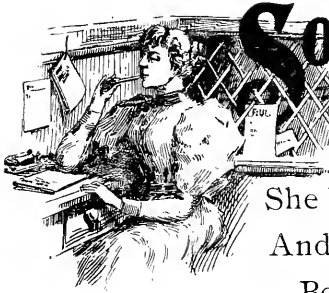


And when the shades of evening,
Come hovering o'er your head,
'Tis then you will think how you used me,
And what you have done and said.

The Telegraph Lady.

How a Clayton telegraph lady looked to a Hudson young man.

• • • • •



Some say she's handsome,
But then I don't,
I call her just passably pretty,
She has dark bushy hair,
And an ample share,
Besides she's most awfully witty.

Her form is perfection,
Has a rosy complexion,
And her eyes most lovely,
Sparkling and bright.

Has no aquiline nose,
'Tis as straight as grows
That so noiseless she blows,
When in her bandana
She lets it repose.

And her smiles oft disclose
Two pearly white rows,
That so many her envy—
Though none dare propose.

With a step so light
She tripped along
When I caught the refrain
Of a sweet little song.

And as she sat there
In her low easy chair,
I wondered who could possibly
Dislike her.

And if it hadn't have been
For the cage she was in,
I'd almost been tempted
To bite her.



We journey along
In sunshine and shade,
And when we're done,
In our graves we are laid.

To His Mother and Sister.

• • • • •

Freddie has gone, your Freddie,
Although he's with you now,
And feels your warm and loving hands
Caress his cold, cold brow.

And though his eyes are closed in death,
His voice you hear no more,
And yet he lingers in your midst,
As he has done before.

But do not mourn for me, dear mother,
Nor sisters so loving and kind,
For sadly it grieves my youthful heart,
To leave you thus behind.

But we shall meet again,
Beyond the misty vale,
Where tempests never rage,
Nor sorrow to bewail.

NOTE.—Composed on a young man eighteen years old, who died from the effects of a surgical operation.

Little Clifford.

On the death of little four year old Clifford.

• • • • •

Sleep, little one sleep;
Though a cherub angel smiles
While we weep.

Ere the autumn flowers were faded;
Ere the crimson leaves were strown,
You, our darling little Clifford,
To another world had flown.

Ere the twilight rays were gleaming,
An anxious mother watched and wept
O'er her precious little darling,
Who she thought so sweetly slept.

Though his little life was ebbing,
Fainter, fainter grew his breath;
Still the mother bending o'er him,
Though dreaming not that this was death.

Soon an angel voice from heaven
Proclaimed a message from the sky:
"Come up, come up, little angel,
Wings were made for you to fly."



The Old Clock on the Wall.

• • • • •

Do you still tick, tick,
Old clock on the wall,
As you once did
From spring till fall?

Then you ticked, ticked, ticked,
From fall till spring,
One year out and another in.

Though years have gone by
Since I saw your bright face,
Yet I fancy you hang there,
In that same old place.

But there will come a time
When you will tick no more;
When your springs are all broke
And your cogs are wore.

And those that wound you,
Will wind you no more,
For they, too, have gone
To that far distant shore,
From whence our loved ones
Return no more.

Puss and the Yellow Bird.

• • • • •

A yellow bird sat on a flaunting weed,
Eating his breakfast of catnip seed.

When pussy stole up as still as a mouse,
And caught little birdie right in his mouth.

“Come here, my dear kitty, don’t run to the house;
What have you been catching, a bird or a mouse?

“Let me stroke your soft fur now moistened with dew;”
“I’ll do it,” said pussy, as she lisped a harsh mew,
Then opened her mouth and away birdie flew.

The writer liberated the bird as described to all appearances unharmed.

She Thought That Love Was Only This.

Or the Printer's Experience.

• • • • •

She thought that love was only this,
A little smile, a little kiss;
She never dreamed that life was bliss
Until there came a little sis.

But all pure love hath its alloy,
She longed and prayed to have a boy;
And prayed to be forgiven all her sins.
Her prayer was answered with boy-baby twins.

Now the husband grew wroth as wroth could be,
To think of his larger family;
He said to his wife one sultry night,
As he returned from setting type —
“I am mad enough to have a fight.

“You claimed that love was only this,
A little smile, a little kiss;
Now see what has grown out of this,
Two charming bright boys and a rosy miss.

“But now for amends it is too late,
For settled is my doom and fate.
And though I toil from day to day,
My cherubs round me fondly play,
And help to drive dull care away.

“And when my daily task is done,
I hurry home to my little ones,
And when I hear the pat, pat, pat,
Of those little cherub feet
Coming to meet me down the street,
With rosy lips and dimpled cheek
It seems my happiness is most complete.”



New thoughts and new beings are born every day;
While others more ancient are garnered away.



'Tis natural to err, but why demur
At every little fault or reason?
When we all can be noble
If we do but half try,
And make amends in due season.



T'is said, “As we sow we shall reap;”
If thorns we would grow, in our bosom they'll keep.

Cricket on the Hearth.

• • • • •

Quee, quee, little cricket, quee, quee,
Your song though sad and cheerless,
Has a charm and a sweetness to me.

Quee, quee, little cricket,
Through the long night,
While the moon-rays faintly glimmer,
And the stars twinkle bright

How oft in my boyhood
Have I watched the little elf,
As I saw him from my couch,
Steal from the chimney down a long shelf.

Then down to a table
And then to the hearth,
Where he sang the whole night
For all he was worth.

And when on the warm bricks
He had not long to wait;
For the song he sang
Called forth his dear mate.

And when by his side,
His little black bride
Made many vain efforts
Her voice to guide.

But then she couldn't make it,
It was no go,
For she was too high
And he too low.

So they sang the whole night,
Saw see and saw so,
Still my thoughts ever wander,
Let me go where I will,
To the old log house that stood on the hill;
Where with the song of the cricket
I with rapture was filled.



Our youthful days have fled and gone,
And never again will on us dawn;
Though others may come as bright as they
But linger only for a day.

TO MAUDY.

A little grand-daughter.

• • • • •

Come to me, my darling Maudy,
Just a little while;
Though you are ever taught to shun me,
Let me once more share your smile.

When your golden wavy ringlets
Falling round your slender form;
Then in fear you hastened from me,
To bide awhile till I am gone.

Though I could not think to blame you,
While I grieve and sadly moan;
Yet e'en the thought gives me pleasure,
To know the fault is not your own.

By and by from you I'll wander
O'er that dark and dismal sea;
Then, dear Maudy, you'll be weeping,
Because you had no smile for me.



Pleasant homes and happy homes
All o'er this land I see;
And I only wonder why,
Their *wasn't* one for me:

Ode to the Wren.

• • • • •

Chipper, chipper, tiny songster,
On the old larch tree so high,
Your song so familiar
Recalls days long gone by.

You sing now as sweetly
As in days of yore,
When I, a mere babe,
At play round the door.

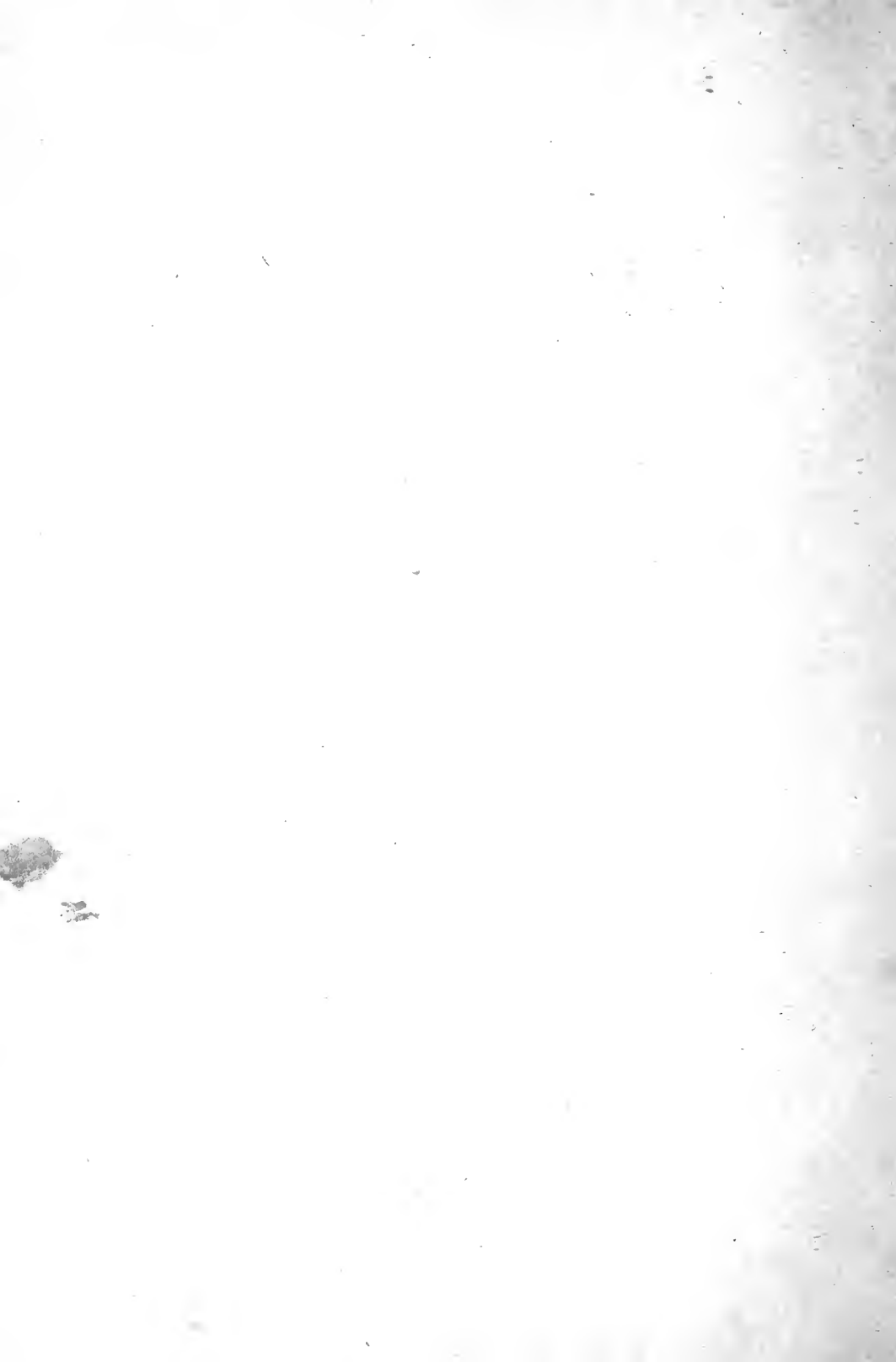
In a log of our linter
That leaned to the west,
There builded our songster,
His wee tiny nest.

He sang in the twilight,
Ere the day had begun,
And slept with his little ones
When the day was done.



And when my thoughts I tried to write,
A tear stole down and dimmed my sight.









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